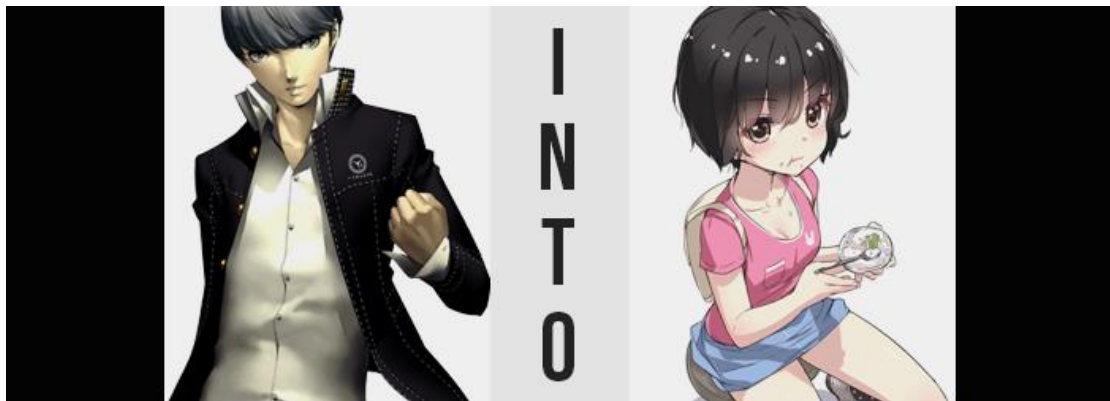


CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING

SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"Chie, are you *seriously* still asleep?" Yu Narukami asked overlooking Chie Satonaka still nestled in her bed. She was clearly conscious, she'd just turned her back to him after all, but... **"We're going on a date today right? It's Sunday."** Even if it wasn't Sunday she'd be late for school were this any other day. They'd recently agreed to start seeing one another, but the boy was quickly learning that his girlfriend had some rather undisciplined habits at times. **"Were you up late watching kung fu movies again?"**

"Maybe." A response eventually came, muffled by her own pillow. Well that answered that. She groaned next. **"Just wait in the living room and watch some TV, maybe take some of the rice my mom made before she left, I'll be ready in like ten minutes I swear."** With how groggy her voice sounded he had a hard time believing it, but he gave her an 'okay' regardless and started back to the living room.

At the very least he fully believed she could get ready in ten minutes if she tried, he just wasn't sure how willing to *try* she was while still half asleep. Yet he scooped a small bowl of rice from the cooker and settled down before the television. Finding something good to watch on a Sunday morning? It was difficult. A lot of the programming was aimed at children since there wasn't any school, and he didn't feel like watching the shopping network for the fourth week in a row.

Channel after channel flickered by before he settled on an anime. A magical girl show aimed at kids to be sure, but it was better than staring at another news desk -- plus very rarely they could be entertaining even according to his own tastes. But ten minutes? He could put up with it for that long.

It seemed like he'd flipped over around the episode's midway point since the characters were getting ready to fight the (*presumed*) monster of the week as these things seemed to go. The power of friendship would save the day, yadda yadda. You know, usual kid stuff. It wasn't like Yu didn't believe in similar things though; there was no way the Investigation Team would have come so far if not for believing in their bonds.

Yu shook his head a moment as a wave of dizziness suddenly beset him. He hadn't eaten or had anything to drink since waking up because the plan had been to go with Chie to a restaurant first -- was he just hungry because of that? He turned his attention to the bowl of rice he'd poured on the table. It was small, not a big enough serving for an adult. The bowl looked like a portion size for a child... Had he really poured a bowl that size?

No, he hadn't and his dizziness was not born from hunger or anything of the sort. There was more than one way for the Shadows in the TV world to see to it that Yu Narukami would no longer hinder them -- they were just now taking a much more discreet approach. Before long he wouldn't even remember that there was a world inside the television, and without him at the core neither would the rest of his little team.

A loud explosion on the television distracted him from the question regarding the rice bowl's size. It looked like the main heroines had fired off their special attack, which was pretty typical fare for a magical girl show like this. But why... was his chest beating so hard? It was like excitement was building inside of him in response to the colors and the little girl characters shouting their names.

Yu was a tomboy like *her* sister, but magical girl shows were *her* little secret...

"Whoa. Maybe I should start getting some more sleep myself." Fingers brushed his bangs from his forehead once that invasive thought came to pass. Thinking of himself with feminine pronouns? *And* in third person? He didn't want to end up mimicking one of those tropey characters on the television. Was there something about this show that was infectious?

His attention inevitably turned back to the bowl of rice on the table in front of him, boy not even noticing that his eye level seemed closer to the tiny bowl than he had just a moment prior. Even so he reached out and scooped it up with his masculine hands and fumbled with the spoon.

...Spoon? Hadn't he grabbed chopsticks? A spoon was fine and all, but he hadn't really used one with rice since he was a *kid*.

It was subtle, but as he took a scoop of grain with the spoon in one hand, it appeared almost as if the bowl in his hands was getting *bigger*. Almost like did not imply that was the reality of the situation however, it was actually the opposite shift creating the illusion that the bowl was growing. In fact his *hands were getting smaller* instead.

But it wasn't just his hands. It had been gradual, but ever since settling on the magical girl show the size of his body had begun to diminish. He was still closer to his original size than not, but there was a notable dip in his height as while broad shoulders had once erupted over the back of the couch, it was now only his neck that would have protruded while looking at from behind.

It wasn't merely his size being sapped away from him but his strength. Just as slowly as he grew shorter did his muscles soften. Relatively buff for his age from nights spent in the TV world swinging weapons around, that accumulated strength had presented itself in sharper definition from his arms to his legs to his stomach. All of these areas now, however, were smoothing out; definition practically absorbed into a soft layer of fat that seemed to rise in slight to replace it. A childlike softness and glow.

One would think that he'd notice the fact that he was shrinking thanks to the size of his clothing, and yet they too were changing size alongside him. As shoulders began to pinch inward so too did the edges of the white dress shirt he'd decided to wear, discoloration likewise beginning to take away its purity. Not just any color but pink. A very bright pink. The thin material was growing thicker too; more comfortable too, like the material itself was becoming stretchier.

Yu glanced over at the clock noticing that ten minutes had already gone by. **"Onee-san said ten minutes and she still isn't up..."**, he remarked to himself, the prospect of talking to himself aloud seeming more enticing as the fact that he'd just referred to Chie as his older sister had escaped his notice.

He certainly *looked* younger. Not just in the size of his body but the youthfulness of his face. Lips now a little smaller, cheeks a little chubbier -- maybe even eyes a little wider. It almost looked like his lashes had become longer too, making him look more androgynous than he surely would have liked if he had a mirror in front of him.

The coloration of his silver hair was influenced by the television as well. Dark chestnut bled in, and while he didn't necessarily gain much length in that area it seemed that when the hairs darkened they did grow a little more unruly and fluffy at the core of their nature.

Once the clock hit the ten minute mark however the process seemed to hasten. Perhaps whatever was changing Yu was aware that Chie might come down at any moment, or perhaps it was because the children's show was reaching it's end, but there seemed to be a need to quickly throw the boy into the point of no return.

His posture upon the couch slunk as more and more of his mass dwindled away, this time at such a rapid pace that he let out a childish squeak while thinking he was *falling*. Shoulders condensed together ever more while the cloth of his shirt shrunk to accommodate the new, minuscule gait. It became even pinker still, the buttons on the front fusing into the cloth they were bound to so that the top became a

singular piece. The neckline of the top, however, dipped unusually to leave top of his now boyish chest revealed. Any hair that had grown thanks to puberty all but non-existent. It dipped at just the right moment, making the next set of physical changes a little more apparent as nipples puffed up just a little but beneath the pink fabric and flesh quickly expanded beneath them. Breasts, true and tried, emerged and poked into the cloth.

And after stumbling with another spoonful of rice and some fell down into this new torso, Yu didn't even notice as small fingers clumsily reached in to pull out a grain from between the two lumps and tossed the food haphazardly into his mouth. "Why'd they always fall in there...?", he instead murmured, the pitch of his voice way higher than it had been before he'd sat down. The front of the shirt was almost fully pink as it hugged a narrow torso, the wearer's own rejection of a training bra leaving them without any support for the budding chest beneath it. Only some white from the dress shirt was left -- predominantly around the collar, but also on the trim of a pocket over his right breast and a bunny embroidered over the left.

It was... *cute*.

The attire on the lower half of his body fared no better. Having arrived in jeans to go with his dress shirt, the material had lightened both in color and weight as the ankles of the pants had crept up each leg. Hairless limbs were exposed in the process, and while feet had been large and had bumped into the table in front of Yu when he'd first sat down said feet were now square with the couch, dangling off the edge. Every so often a burst of energy would strike him and he'd begin kicking them back and forth. Each tiny toe was covered by a black sock with gray dots patterned across it.

As jeans crept past his thighs the final alterations to his legs could be seen. Each limb had become stubby and not quite fully developed, but it was the weight that set into those stubby thighs that led suggestion to the fact that he was really becoming a girl. The curvature of said lower body was soft and suggested with time it would blossom into an attractive young maiden, the width of his hips and the definition in his behind merely a tease of what would eventually come.

Just like *that* he ceased to be a boy and was left the fairer gender, the short skirt around her waist not hiding the cotton panties that obscured the changes beneath them. Taking after her sister, *Yuu* had some boyish habits that drove others - particularly her teachers - crazy. More often than not it seemed like she just wanted to be one of the boys and didn't pay any mind to acting like a girl or being clean or *anything* like that.

But her family dressed her up in cute clothes and she did have a secret interest in magical girls. Honestly? Despite only being eleven she had a huge crush on the main magical girl in the show that she'd just been watching.

She still felt love towards Chie, but it had been twisted. No longer was her affection born of romantic interest - how could it be? -- but she loved her older sister very much! They watched kung fu movies together, and Chie took her out to eat meat all the time! Speaking of...

After spilling more rice down the front of her outfit, stubby fingers slid the bowl back onto the coffee table. She stood up while shaking rice off of her clothes, before inevitably storming into Chie's room. Chie was still asleep.

As per usual.

"O-NEE-SAN! ONEE-SAAAAN!" Cheek puffed up from agitation, the younger sister gave a battle cry and jumped into the air, landing squarely on the elder who let out a pained yelp. **"Get uuup! You told me ten minutes! I wanna go to the Pretty Cure movie before the line gets too long! You said you'd take me right!? So wake UUUUUUP!"**

Chie Satonaka died that day, slaughtered by her little sister Yuu Satonaka. *Just kidding.*

Eventually Yuu would come to understand that there was nothing wrong with being a tomboy and having girlish interests but it wasn't something she'd learn that day. It wouldn't be well into high school that she realized. It would also be around that time that she'd find a girl with the same interests as herself, one that she would later marry and be happy with.

But if not for the TV, she might never have found that happiness.